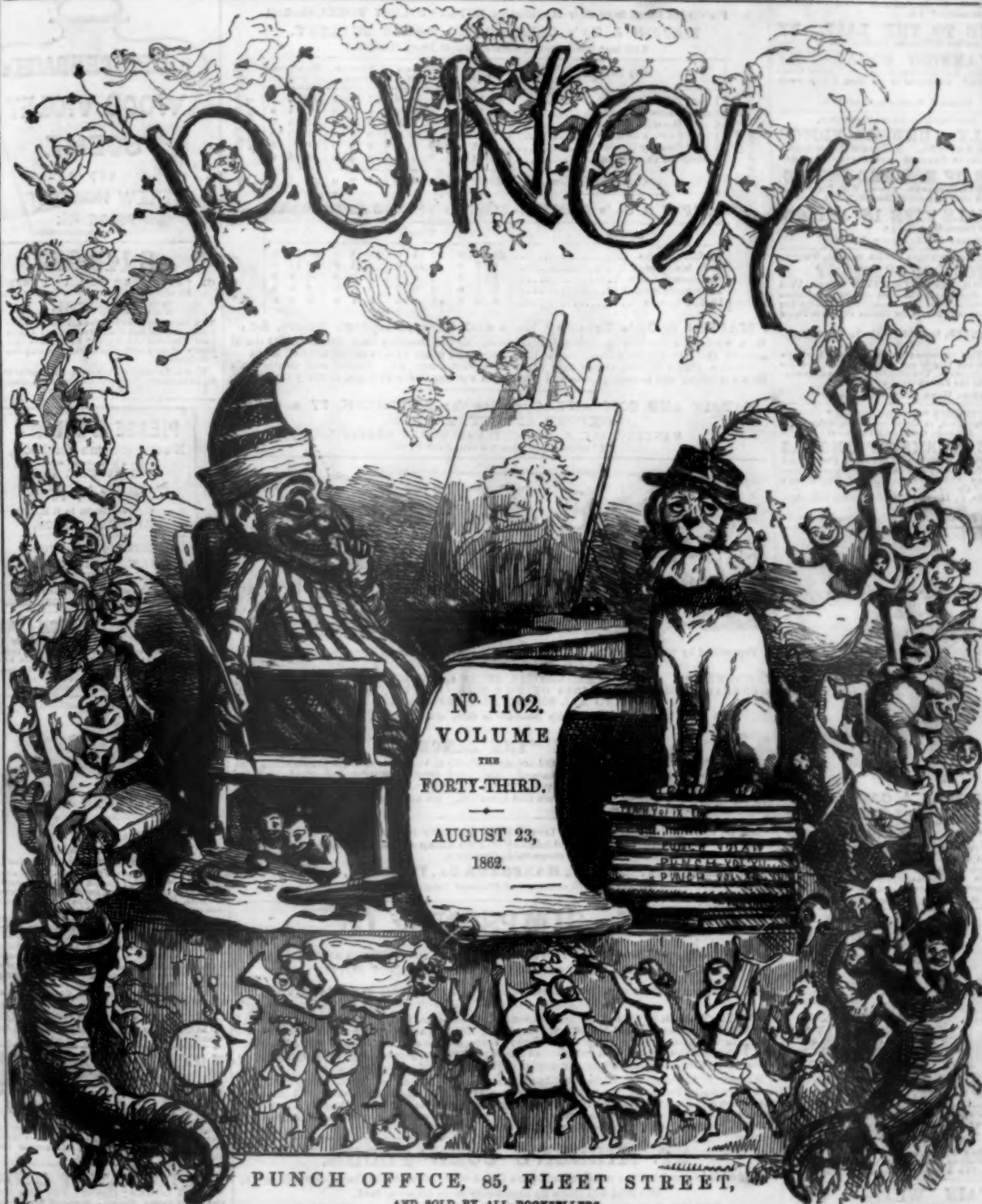


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THE UMBRELLA QUESTION;

Or what it would have come to, if Some People had had their way.

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Do people ever answer matrimonial advertisements? For instance, is there any lady living who would ever condescend to forward a reply to such a one as this?—

WANTED, by a Widower, to Correspond with a Lady, in the middle ranks of society, with a view to Matrimony. Must be between 35 and 45 years of age, of good character, moderately educated, and of a cheerful disposition. This in *bona fide*, and the strictest honour will be observed.—Address A 9, at the printer's.

"Beware of widows," was the caution of the elder Mr. Weller; and to judge by this advertisement, ladies who fear insult on the subject of their age, had best beware of Widowers. What a brute the man must be to ask a lady to confess to him that she is five-and-thirty! We recoil from such a monster with virtuous disgust, and cite another notice, cut from the same sheet:—

A YOUNG MAN, aged 23, with an income of £300 per annum, wishes to meet with a Young Lady, with a view to Matrimony. Those wishing for a portrait must enclose 13 stamps.—Address X, Post-office, Sheffield.

There are sharp blades at Sheffield; and X is clearly one of them. To our mind his advertisement reads simply like a trap to catch a lot of postage stamps; for curiosity is by no means an uncommon female failing, and many a girl, we fear, would forward him the thirteen stamps, if only just to see if X be good-looking or not. We should ourselves incline to hazard a guess that he is not; for whatever be in other points his symmetry of feature, it seems plain enough to us, from the nature of his notice, that he has a most enormous quantity of cheek.

A Confederate's Epigram.

On hearing of the splendid smash of the "Arkansaw" (so pronounced translationally) into the Federal fleet.

HURRAH, hurrah, for the Ark-and-Saw!
Hurrah for the men and brothers!
The Ark preserved our Southern tars,
And the Saw went through them t'others.

A BRIGHT LITTLE ISLE.

OUR Scottish friends certainly know how to do some things pleasantly. We read in the *Inverness Courier* that there has been a gathering in the Island of Eigg in honour of a gentleman named MACPHERSON. The proceedings were of the most Rabelaisian character, and the good PANTAGRUEL, FRIAR JOHN, and PANURGE, would have enjoyed themselves thoroughly. *Audin' o' bone*. There was a capital dinner; then came bowls of reeking toddy; the party then retired to the Green, where they heard an eloquent address from the above MR. MACPHERSON, "On the importance of an early education," and then they instantly began "dancing reels with real Highland glee to the strains of the bagpipe." Who says that there is no fun in Scotland? Where is this Eigg, and is it the place we used to know as Egg, and put in a geographical leash with Rum and Muck? We intend to visit Eigg the first time we are in the Hebrides, and we are the more desirous to find it out, because we read that the brave-hearted Eiggites are jolly in spite of what would be considered by the effeminate as trying circumstances. "The poor people," says the *Inverness Courier*, "who are not able to buy coals are very ill off for fire, as last year's peats are done, and great doubts are entertained whether they will get any this year." This is not as it should be. We always feel inclined to snub a party who tells you of his misfortunes in a melancholy manner; but a man who suffers jollily deserves to be helped. There is a worthy minister in Eigg, the REVEREND MR. GRANT. We wonder whether if any of Mr. Punch's readers sent him a Post-Office Order to help the poor jovial Eiggites to buy coals, he would get it, and be glad to get it. We dare say that SIR ROWLAND HILL's Early Education would enable him to forward the letters to the right quarter. Try it, somebody, and tell Mr. Punch the result.

Scientific.

An instrument has been invented which is called a Debuscope; and unscientific persons possibly imagine that it is something in the nature of an opera-glass; as an opera-glass is often used in witnessing *débûts*. (The perpetrator of the foregoing is left for execution.—Ep.)



AUNT LAURA (ending her story). "And then the great cruel Wolf, after having devoured Grandmamma, gnashed its horrid teeth and swallowed up Little Red Ridinghood!!!"

KITTY. "And what became of the Cheesecake?"

A PLEA FRA' LANCASHUR.

"DEAR POONCH, mi friend, ev cum to u
To beg yur helping hand;
Weel knawin when the poor mona pressed,
Yur sure by him to stand.

"Afore this Yanky war bruk oot
That's made the cotton short,
We help'd oorsens, and neer axt nort,
Us scorned at such a thowt.

"But bit be bit the traps hev gone
These yurs we'd got togethur
Until theres nobbut left for uz,
But t' wurkus, and nay better.

"The likes o uz wur niver used
At axin folkis favour;
But starvin wife and bairns, puir things,
Soon maks a mona will waver.

"And noo mi hert its breakin, Poonch,
Mi bairns ar wantin bred:
It maks me see doonherted, that
I ni most wish me dead.

"No more at present can I say,
But only help wota sent
Yur friends may vera wel be sure
Will not be gold mispent."

"August 16, 1862."

THE FLIRT'S APOLOGY.

"It does not do to keep one's beans (let him be even an APOLLO BELVIDERE) always bent"—on admiration.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MONDAY, August 11th. In the House of Lords the Head Charwoman took her seat on the Woolsack about two o'clock, and declared that it was heart-breaking to see how the dust got into everything, and spoiled a place that had cost so much money. Charwoman BRIGGS suggested that the remarks did honour to the heart of the previous speaker, but that it was no particular business of theirs. Charwoman WOBBLER, who had been sitting on the bottom of a reversed pail, moved, as an amendment, to the cross bench. Beer was then introduced, drunk a first time, and the vessel was ordered to stand upon the table. It being suggested by a Chagirl that the pewter would make rings on the walnut wood, notice was given that she had better shut up. The House then rose, and was left scouring.

In the Commons, Window-cleaner SMITH took a general survey of the work to be performed, and made some severe strictures upon the new works at Westminster Bridge, which tended to increase the amount of dust. Assistant JONES said that he was unable to detect the utility of cleansing the windows until the Nobs should re-assemble, but was vehemently called to order by Assistant BROWN, who professed the most unhesitating contempt for any person who having undertaken a task, objected to complete it. MR. JONES said he had made no objections, and suggested that in all probability it was MR. BROWN's desire to get his head punched. MR. BROWN having denied this, and in the alternative, disputing the capability of MR. JONES to perform that office, an acrimonious debate occurred, which ended in mutual explanations and beer.

Tuesday. In the Lords, Duster-in-Chief ROBINSON laid all the cushions on the table, and retired early.

In the Commons, the debate on the utility of cleaning the windows until after the winter was resumed by MR. PUTTY, who said that in another week they would be as dirty as they then were, especially if that kind of weather were going to last. MR. GRUBBLE did not see what call MR. PUTTY had to make obnoxious remarks upon the weather. He himself had cleaned the windows in that House for many years, and could unhesitatingly affirm that there was always some kind of weather or other. MR. DOBBS expressed his unalterable conviction that MR. PUTTY had been, was, and always would be an old pump. MR. PUTTY said that those persons would in all probability be disappointed who expected anything from a pig but a grunt. In reply to an inquiry who the honourable speaker meant by pigs, MR. PUTTY recommended the querist to find out, as in that case he would certainly know.

Wednesday. A petition was presented from TOMMY and ETHELINDA-AUGUSTA CLINCH, younger children of MRS. CLINCH, of Westminster, stating that their mother was engaged during the day in scouring the Royal Gallery, and requesting that they might be permitted to be present with her, as it was so dull to be locked up in an attic. A considerable discussion arose, and MRS. CLINCH was called in and examined by the Duster-in-Chief ROBINSON. She stated that she was no party to the petition, but would feel gratification were it granted. Being asked whether she would pledge herself for the decorous conduct of the petitioners, she replied that she had not herself known much of angels, except such as were seen in pictures and on tombstones, which you were not like yourselves, and you could not expect children to be, but though she said it as shouldn't say it, two better conducted children was not to be found in the liberties of Westminster. The assurance was objected to as somewhat vague in terms, but upon the witness's undertaking that the petitioners would throw no stones at the statues or frescoes, and that personal correction should follow any screaming or other objectionable demonstration, the prayer was granted until further notice. MRS. DUSTER DOBBINS observed that there was no saying what good the sight of them statues might perduce upon children, and it might bend their minds to become painters or what-not. MRS. DUSTER FLICK concurred, and related an anecdote in her own family, one of whose members had become a respectable painter and glazier from inspirations received while seeing a relative paint a door.

In the Commons, the Head Charwoman stated that the cleaning that chamber was another thing from cleaning the House of Lords, and that the state of the floor was perfectly awful. Charwoman WOBBLER said she believed that the Lords were much greater gentlemen than the Commons, that they never wore a pair of shoes twice, and came to the House in beautifully carpeted carriages, which explained the cleanliness of it. Charwoman BRIGGS's husband worked for a shoemaker, and knew that some Members of Parliament had the meanness to let their shoes be soled and heeled when wearing out. The Head Charwoman observed that they were much more careful of their own money than of other people's. Charwoman WOBBLER replied that the Head Charwoman might say that. The Head Charwoman was quite aware of the fact that she might, and when she wanted information she should apply to some other shop than MRS. WOBBLER's for the article. Charwoman WOBBLER said that she had meant nothing. Charwoman BRIGGS thought that if she meant nothing her best way would be to say nothing. Charwoman WOBBLER requested Charwoman BRIGGS to mind her own business, adding, that there was such a thing as pretending to scour and leaving a place so that somebody else had to go after one. An animated discussion arose, and the Head Charwoman exerted

her authority in vain, when the proceedings were brought to an end by a message from Charwoman WOBBLER's husband, to the effect that if his dinner were not ready in five minutes, the delay might not conduce to Mrs. WOBBLER's physical comfort.

Thursday. A report was presented in the Lords upon the subject of the admission to the Royal Gallery yesterday granted to the younger CLINCHES. Mrs. Duster DOBBINS observed that she brought up the matter unwillingly, having been strongly in favour of the admission, but when she found that it had been stretched to include a kitten and a cart full of oyster-shells, she felt bound to mention as much. Mrs. CLINCH was again summoned, and stated that she had not thought there was any harm in the kitten, as it was blind and could not walk, and had therefore been in the youngest petitioner's pinafore all day. Pressed on the oyster-shells, the witness fenced with the question, and made a statement to the effect that they must have been left in the House of Lords by one of the Bishops or the LORD CHANCELLOR, as no child of hers had brought them in. She was ordered into custody of Duster BLOBBINS while Duster DOBBINS was constituted a Commission for the examination of THOMAS CLINCH. She shortly returned and stated that the infant in question understood the nature of an oath, an amount of education due to the emphatic conversation of his parents, and that he had frankly admitted that the oyster-shells were the leavings of his mother's supper of the previous night. The witness CLINCH denied this, and offered to bring in the whole Court in which she lived to prove that she could not bear hoysters until there was a haitch in the month, also volunteering a statement of her resolution to teach THOMAS CLINCH a lesson which he would not easily forget. Duster FLICK then said she should interfere in the interest of the petitioners, who appeared to have done no wrong. She moved that the oyster-shells be thrown away, and that unless Mrs. CLINCH gave an undertaking not to punish the petitioner THOMAS, she be discharged from her situation in that House. The undertaking having been given, the matter dropped.

In the Commons a conference took place between the Housekeeper, on the part of Government, and the scourers generally. The proceedings were confined to a strong expression of opinion on the part of the former lady that of all the lazy and careless people ever employed in that edifice the present party showed themselves least mindful of their duty to the country and the constitution, and to an intimation that whether the floors were done or not done, the scourers would not come there after that day. Some criticisms added by the Housekeeper upon the character of the washing at certain points were given in a conversational tone inaudible in the Gallery. Something like "all very fine talking" reached us, as the Housekeeper left, but there was no further observation, and the increased vehemence of scribbling induces us to believe at once in the justice and the efficacy of the censure.

Friday. Mrs. Duster DOBBINS wished to enter into a personal explanation. It had been her misfortune, from her youth upwards, to be afflicted with spagmas, as was well known to her afflicted husband and the whole of her neighbours. She scorned to deceive the House, and was in the habit of carrying a small bottle of peppermint, in which there was the slightest addition of gin. When engaged in her duties yesterday afternoon, and feeling a recurrence of disagreeable sensations, she had recourse to this remedy. A Party whom she could name, but would rather not, had remarked in the most unfeeling manner, "Laying the dust, old girl, eh?" She was not an old girl, but a respectable married woman, and her lines could be seen at Standrewobun, which they might send for them if they liked, and she did not think that any one could be expected to do their duty by them stained glasses if they were to be agitated by personal remarks. The Head Duster thought that work ought not to be interrupted to listen to botherations of that kind, and if Mrs. DOBBINS's skin was so thin that she could not bear a joke, she had better get a thicker. Mrs. DOBBINS at once declined to accept this advice, and should retire from the House. Mrs. BLOBBINS thought it possible that they might contrive to find some consolation even should such an event happen. Mrs. DOBBINS was not in the least anxious to be placed in possession of articles of such small intrinsic value as Mrs. BLOBBINS's thoughts. Mrs. FLICK said that she could probably bring a painful discussion to a pleasant termination. She had been the person to use the language complained of, but so far from intending anything offensive to Mrs. DOBBINS, whom indeed she had always loved and venerated next to her own mother, she had intended to finish her sentence by saying that she could offer her something better to lay the dust with than that chemist's stuff. What she said she meant, and no person could charge her with insincerity, and if Mrs. DOBBINS were agreeable, she would on the adjournment of the House stand anything she liked to put a name to. Mrs. DOBBINS, much affected, begged pardon of everybody present, and in a voice almost inaudible for sobs, lamented her sensitiveness, but protested that her heart was in the right place. The Head Duster suggested that if the last speaker's duster were in the right place, instead of being used in the light of a pocket handkerchief, it would be as well, and Mrs. DOBBINS, remarking that when people got up in the world their arts too often got gruel and gallows, resumed her operations on the stained window.

In the Commons, the Housekeeper, entering at half-past twelve, expressed a feeling of satisfaction that the scourers had got out, mingled with one of dissatisfaction at the way they had done their work. She then moved the House into Committee, consisting of herself and two housemaids, to consider how the table should be cleaned of the ink-stains. Miss ROSA LEIGH said that the Ministers must be very dirty men; in fact, pigs. Why could they not wipe their pens on their coats, or in their hair, instead of flinging them down, and making a mess of the furniture? Miss NELLY GRAY expressed a decided conviction that they did not do such things at home, and she offered to be bound that Lady PALMERSTON or Mrs. GLADSTONE would say something if they saw an inky pen dashed down on their mahogany. Miss LEIGH called attention to the fact that there was very little ink on the opposition side, which showed what she had always said, that the Tories were gentlemen. Miss GRAY said that it showed the notorious ignorance of the Tories, who could not write, and so did not use pens. Miss LEIGH dared say. Miss GRAY said *see* knew. Miss LEIGH said we knew a good deal, no doubt. The Housekeeper requested that they would hold their silly tongues. The question was, how was that ink to be got out? Miss LEIGH said that she would advise sending for a carpenter, and having the table planed. Miss GRAY had heard a riddle bearing on that—she forgot how it went; but it meant that the carpenter would be much uglier after doing it, because he would be a deal plainer. Miss LEIGH said the table was not of deal. Miss GRAY had not said it was. The Housekeeper had a good mind to try lemon juice. Miss LEIGH said that would play the juice and all with the colour, and amid the laughter which this observation excited the House resumed, the Housekeeper taking up her keys and *porte-monnaie*, and Miss LEIGH and Miss GRAY polking together until they knocked up against the Bar, when the House adjourned to dinner at one.

"OH, MY TOE!"



CORRESPONDENT of the *Hampshire Advertiser*, under the initials of J. S., abuses us angrily for having ascribed the sacrilegious abstraction of certain bits of encaustic pavement at Netley Abbey, of which we had been credibly informed, to archaeological acquisitiveness. He charges us with "malignity," and with speaking of antiquaries "in a style that one would scarce expect from a costermonger, and certainly not from a gentleman." We also are apparently meant by him in describing certain visitors to Netley Abbey as "those who make a mock at truth, and for the sake of a laugh tear down those things which, though trifling in themselves, are valued for their rarity by those who really can appreciate them." We cannot make out this latter accusation, or understand on what it can be founded besides the mere feeling which has inspired J. S. to vituperate us for suggesting that the relics of which Netley Abbey was said to have been plundered, had been stolen by antiquarian thieves. We are afraid we have trodden on this gentleman's corns.

"NOW THEN, YOU TWO!"

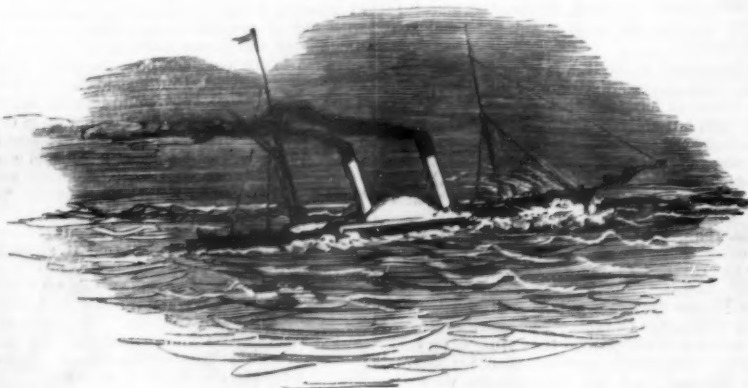
ALDERMAN FINNIS! ALDERMAN FINNIS! What, man, hast no more reverence? What do we mean? Why, we mean this. The newspapers say that a man was brought before you the other day, you Magistrate, charged with sticking up a placard where he had no business to put it, and that in the course of your obsequatory remarks, you said:—

"Every gentleman's park paling is chalked over with puffs of HARPER TWELVETREES's preparations. I wish I had HARPER TWELVETREES in that dock. I'd let him know, &c."

FINNIS, is this the way to talk of the great vermin-powder maker and philanthropist? *Punch* wonders that some prodigy did not happen. He is surprised that the "little insects did not come out" of the ceiling of the Court (there are plenty) "and give praise, rubbing their legs together," as was written in a delightful article in the *Cornhill*. They must have exulted in this defiance of their enemy. We admit that you have something of a grievance. Mr. *Punch* himself has been offended, while serenely gazing upon a country hedge, and watching the small birds, (and execrating the stupid clowns who kill them) at reading a vilely written invitation to try HARPER TWELVETREES's something or other. Mr. *Punch* has vainly tried to imagine a person who has recourse to such vulgarities as a dignified philanthropist, who makes speeches, and has hopes of Parliament. But the Dock, FINNIS, would be rather a strong measure. Let TWELVETREES, however, take the Aldermanic hint, and abstain from chalking park palings, or, if he will do it, let him write better, for his puffs are really scribbled in a way that revolts an admirer of education. If he thinks to come into Parliament and be smiled upon by PAM, he must improve his writing, for PALMERSTON notoriously declares that "a man who writes a bad hand is a fool." Consider this, HARPER, and you, FINNIS, be moderate in your wrath.

SENSATION NEWS.

We understand that the spirited proprietor of one of the most famous places of evening entertainment, despising the effete attractions of Acrobats, Rope-walkers, and other performers, who attract an educated and civilised British Public by incurring only a chance of self-destruction, has resolved upon a new scheme for meeting the tastes of a refined population. He intends that the chance shall, in his new programme, be made a certainty, and that no visitor shall go



MOSSOO RETURNING FROM THE EXHIBITION.

AS HE APPEARS WHEN SEEN WITH THE NAKED EYE,—

away dissatisfied that the catastrophe which he hoped to witness has been deferred. The spirited proprietor is now negotiating with some ticket-of-leave men, of very desperate character, with a view to certain Sensation Spectacles, to which we are not at liberty more fully to advert; but we may say that they will be of a highly classical nature, and will, in the most vivid manner recall the scenes in the Roman Coliseum. We congratulate the spirited proprietor, and hope that he will be supported, as he deserves to be, in this attempt to gratify a humane and Christian public. More anon.



AND WHEN VIEWED THROUGH A TELESCOPE.

PITY THE POOR GOVERNESSES.

Who would not be a Governess, and especially a daily one? Only see here what a chance of easy affluence is offered her:—

GOVERNESS (DAILY) REQUIRED, for three hours a day, to give lessons to an adult in English, Reading, Music, Singing, and French. Terms must not exceed 6s. per week. Address, &c.

We trust we may presume that this Governess, although a daily one, is not required to work on Sundays. If this be so, she will but have to teach for eighteen hours a week, in order to secure her weekly stipend of six shillings. Fourpence an hour, it is true, is no great pay; but

then just consider how easy is the work for it. For instance, teaching French to an adult who cannot read: what can well be easier than such a daily labour? An hour a day would surely be quite ample to suffice for it; and there would still be left so much as half-an-hour amiece for English, and the Reading, and the Music, and the Singing. The only danger seems to be that the mind of the adult might somewhat be confused by learning five lessons at once. But possibly the studies might in some way be amalgamated: and as the multiplication table is sometimes set to music, perhaps the same thing might be done with LINDLEY MURRAY'S grammar, and with early reading lessons both in English and in French.



LINCOLN'S TWO DIFFICULTIES.

LIN. "WHAT? NO MONEY! NO MEN!"



SUICIDE BY CRINOLINE.



N the name of common sense, dear ladies, hear what DR. LANKESTER, the Coroner whom *Punch* brought in for Central Middlesex, has to say upon the subject of your crinoline exertions:—

"CRINOLINE ACCIDENT.—DR. LANKESTER, the Coroner for Central Middlesex, held an inquest at the Bank of England Tavern, Cambridge Place, Paddington, yesterday, touching the death of MRS. SARAH PADLEY, 18 years of age, residing at 6, Buckingham Terrace, Bayswater. THOMAS SPENCER, a lodger at 6, Buckingham Terrace, deposed that on Sunday, at 11.30 A.M., he heard loud screams issuing from a room on the first floor. He ran to the spot and found the clothes of the deceased in flames. He seized a piece of carpet from the floor, enveloped her in it, and threw her upon the landing, by which means he succeeded in extinguishing the fire before life was quite extinct, but not until every particle of the dress of the deceased, except her boots, was completely consumed. The body was frightfully burnt. Two rooms had been set on fire. On the arrival of the husband (who was absent at the time) immediately afterwards, he set to work to extinguish the fire, and succeeded in doing so. MARIA MANOR, a sister of the deceased, said she was wearing at the time a maulin dress, extended by crinoline, and having occasion to cross the room, the skirt of her dress got ignited from the fire in a grate. The flames spread rapidly before assistance arrived. The Coroner said it was, as he feared, one of those numerous distressing casualties from the use of the dangerous crinoline. Such cases were very much more numerous than the public generally supposed, because, being now so common, many of them were never reported in the public journals. If every fatal crinoline accident were reported the public would know of them, and then he felt assured that crinoline would soon be abandoned. The jury, acting upon a suggestion from the Coroner, returned a verdict of 'Accidental death through wearing crinoline.'"

When Fashion enters the door, Common Sense too generally flies out of the window. So of course *Punch* cannot wonder that you ladies will wear crinoline, in spite of all the danger and the nuisance of your doing so. But some of you do sometimes heed a medical opinion, when other warnings fail to penetrate your brainpans: and possibly a few of you may be deterred from wearing crinoline by thinking of the caution DR. LANKESTER puts forth. You ladies are not given much to reading of the newspapers, yet possibly the plan which DR. LANKESTER suggests, that every accident through crinoline should be mentioned by the press, might help somewhat to frighten you and bring you to your senses. Improving on the hint (what is there *Punch* cannot improve upon?) *Punch* would suggest that every paper should set aside a column for these crinoline reports, and, to mark it out for notice, should edge it with deep black. "Deaths through Crinoline." *Punch* thinks, should be chronicled apart, so as to catch the eye of the most hurried and most hasty reader. As another strong deterrent, *Punch* also would suggest that, when crinoline is plainly proved to be the cause of death, the verdict of the jury should be simply that of "SUICIDE." It might be well perhaps in some cases to add the words "committed in a fit of fashionable insanity;" for, after all that has been said about the danger and the nuisance and the ugliness of crinoline, the mind of any woman who still persists in wearing it cannot possibly be held to be at all in a sound state.

MORALS AND MUSIC HALLS.

(A Confidential Letter to TOM TURNIPTOPPE, ESQUIRE, late of Greenley Bottom, Blankshire, and now of Blackstone Buildings, Temple.)

MY DEAR TOM,

You are a young man from the country, and have seen little of town: I am—well, say thirty, and have seen a good deal of it. You have come up, as you say, to "read" at MR. BLUEBAGGE'S Chambers, and among the various papers which you will there peruse, you will of course take care to read your weekly *Punch*. So what I have to say now is as sure to meet your eye as would be MR. SAYERS' mauley, if you put on the gloves with him.

As your memory is young, you may not have forgotten that the other night I talked to you upon the subject which the heading of this letter serves to indicate; still I think it is as well to put in writing somewhat of the sound sense I imparted to you, for "*seguis irritant*—" (you know what our friend FLACCUS says), and after a good dinner and a glass or two of Claret, the voice of wisdom sometimes fails to reach the ears of youth.

You were telling me that evening in sentimental confidence that you really "rather liked" your pretty Cousin JESSIE, and that, now she is away from town enjoying the sea air, you found your evenings at your uncle's, where you are living "awful slow." Were it not that the Old Buffer (I think that was how you christened him) allowed you to go out directly after dinner, and let you have a latch-key, and come in when you liked, you said you feared you might be tempted to cut your throat or swallow half a pound of prussic acid, just to pass away the time.

On this hint I spake, and asked you where you mostly went to spend "the evening," as you young men call the hours between nine p.m. and three. Well, I was not sorry to learn that, as you are not a dancing-

man, you do not much incline to visit the Casinos. But I was not so pleased to find that forasmuch as you like singing, you now and then drop in at what are called the "Music" Halls. My dear boy, surely you can't fancy you hear music at these places. Stupid, senseless, silly, coarse and vulgar comic songs are surely not entitled to the name of Music: any more than clap-trap chorusses, with every singer squalling out of time and tune, or noisy nigger melodies with bones and tambourine kick-stamp-and-jump accompaniments. And pray, what music is there in the feats of Bounding Brothers, and gymnasts who ape gorillas, and contortionists in crinoline, and clowns who dance in clogs? These are the chief attractions at the Music Halls just now; and what music is attempted is performed in such a din of talking tongues, and bustling boots, and jangling glasses, that scarce two notes together can ever reach the ear.

No, no, my dear boy, don't try to deceive yourself or think to gammon me. It is not the "music," as you call it, that you go for. Nor do you attend there as a votary of Bacchus or of bacy, for the drinks are simply beastly, and you get your smoke at home. What you go for is society, and to speak out, more particularly feminine society. You are young: you can talk; and (if the lips be pretty) you are fond of being talked to. While JESSIE was in town you were content with her society: nay, I will so far give you credit as really to believe you preferred her conversation, simple prattle as it is, to the fast jokes and coarse slang which with Music Hall frequenters pass for epigrams and wit. But now JESSIE is away, you look elsewhere for consolation.

Well, well. Such is life, and such is human nature. Boys will be boys, and youth will have its fling. There were no Music Halls to go to in the days when I was young; but there were dirty dens of vice called "Theatre Saloons," and I fancy that in some respects Saloons and Music Halls were about much of a muchness. So I've no mind to throw stones, or to preach a flinty sermon to you. But will you at your leisure just ask yourself the question, will your Music Hall society do you good or harm, and is not your indulgence in it just a little selfish? Is it fair to JESSIE, who you think does "care a little" for you, to seek in questionable company a solace for her absence? Will you thereby make yourself more fit for her society, and at all enhance your relish for her pure companionship? After the fast company the Music Halls afford you, may not JESSIE's artless prattle appear a trifle slow, and will her ears be charmed or shocked by the slang your tongue is used to?

Oh, there really is no harm in a Music Hall, you say. It's not like a Casino or a Bal, immoral. Well, peradventure it is not; although in one, and that the worst, respect I own I have my doubts about it. But is it quite the place for a gentleman to go to, or even for a green-grocer, a chimneysweep, or costermonger, or "any other man," (as your nonsensical slang goes), who entertains a liking to be thought respectable? A husband has of course no secrets from his wife; but when by any accident he drops in at a Music Hall, do you think she always may depend upon his mentioning it? Would you like JESSIE to know that you frequent such places?—especially if she have seen the following description of them, which was prominently printed not long since in the *Observer*:—

"It is, however, in the disgraceful scenes enacted in the drinking bars and saloons attached to these 'halls' that the greatest evil exists—evils which cannot fall of exercising a fatal influence upon the frequenters of these places, of both sexes, who, in the first instance, 'go to hear a song,' but become infatuated in vice and immorality, rendered more easy and dangerous by the seductive influences with which they are surrounded. The more 'respectable' the 'hall' the more prominent is this feature. These saloons are filled by 'men about town' of all ages and conditions, with and without characters; there may be seen the young and inexperienced clerk and the heartless skittle sharp and blackleg, the patrician *roué* and the plebeian 'fancy man'; . . . This mixed crowd of folly and vice keep up a continued chattering composed of obscene jests and vulgar repartees, to the great annoyance of the decent tradesman or working man, who, accompanied by his wife or sweetheart, may have visited the 'Hall' in the delusive hope of hearing some good singing, but whose ears are thus polluted with vulgarity and slang. It is this sort of thing that has driven, and is still driving, the respectable portion of society from these 'Halls,' and it is to provide attraction for the more 'spicy' patrons that 'comic ladies' and other 'sensational performances' have been introduced. In these saloons the scenes that used to be enacted in the lobbies and saloons of the theatres are reproduced even in a worse and more offensive form."

Now, if a tithe of this be true (and, so far as I have seen, there has been no denial of it) I think the less you go to Music Halls the better it will be for you, and the better will it be too, for your wife—when you are blest with one. Mind, I don't say stick at home too much in solitude and smoke, and mope yourself to death while JESSIE is away from you. But I do say, when you take your pleasure out, go, take it as an honest gentleman, and never enter places where you would (at least I hope so) blush to have her see you. At your age men *can* blush, and the power is so enviable, that you should take care of it. Music Hall society is fatally destructive to it, for there are few worse snares to youth than the vice that tempts a man by aped and acted modesty.

So when you want to hear a song, or have a social smoke (both good things in their way, if that be not a bad one), I say go to Covent Garden and inquire your way to EVANS'S, if you are still so verdant as never to have heard the name of PADDY GREENE. There is entertain-

ment fit for men, not beasts; there is music in the singing; there is malt in the beer; there is an ever courteous welcome by the cheeriest of hosts, and no crinoline or coarseness is permitted to intrude.

Trusting that my words may, when you seek amusement, tend to guide your steps aright, and wishing JESSIE well, and you the luck to win her,

I remain, my dear boy, yours, believe me, most sincerely,

PUNCH.



SWEEP. "Shall I see you at the Music Hall to-night, William?"

DUSTMAN. "No, Joseph, that's a cut below me."

A QUESTION FOR POLITICAL ECONOMISTS.

"I am not at all surprised that society should feel itself hurt by being garroted o' nites and otherways inconvenienced by parties i could mention if i chused to turn 'nose' but unger's a sharp thorn an comes round to all on us three times a day regular. sir, if you had a dog as stole his vittels until you tied him up when you let him loose agen shooldn't you xpex him to go on the priggig lay if you left him without grub—on coarse you wood and that's it with partys I no as the guvment took uncommon care on for wariuns periods and then turnd em a drift to live as they can and i sure you sir a ticket o' leaf is about as bad a ritten caracer as you can have to get a situashun to take care of the plate or any other respeckable work. Couldnt guvment find us—for ime a ticket of leaf—something to do in the collony on guvment a count and so give a feller a chance. It wood be cheaper than our garoting and eye-way robbery and much less unplesant to most partys i xpex.

"Yourn, 4 ears."

CONSCIENCE AT THE COUNTER.

By some mistake the following appeared the other morning in the *Daily Telegraph*. It seems obviously intended to have been sent to *Punch*:—

GROCERY.—WANTED, a Conscientious, Energetic young man (member of a school preferred), also not particular what he does, for a COUNTRY GENERAL SHOP. Unless good tempered, active, and obliging, need not address, wages not high. Apply, &c.

Out of our own columns, it is not often that we come across so good a joke as this. Activity and energy we can understand to be required in a young man assisting at a grocer's; but the idea of wanting conscience in him seems to us most ludicrous. When one knows how prone are grocers to sell their sand as sugar, mix with lard their butter, and manufacture sloe-leaves into fine pure Pekoe-flavoured family black tea, one surely never would have dreamt that conscience would be asked for in a shopman, who, it is expressly said, is "not to be particular as to what he does."

THE SOCIETY'S CATECHISM.

THE Council of the Society of Arts have sent *Mr. Punch* a set of questions upon the subject of awards for merit. Any man who can write can answer a letter, says Mr. W. SHAKESPEARE, and *Mr. Punch's* calligraphy being indisputable, he can hardly escape from replying to the Council, but he is by no means certain that his responses will give unlimited satisfaction to the querists:—

Questions.

1. Are you of opinion that awards for merit, by medals or otherwise, in International exhibitions, are desirable?

2. State the reason for your opinion.

3. Ought works of fine art and designs to be excluded from the awards?

4. Can you suggest any better method than the appointment of jurors for making the awards?

5. Can you suggest any improvement in the constitution or proceedings of the juries?

6. Is any appeal from the decision of juries desirable?

7. If you think awards undesirable, can you suggest any other means by which meritorious productions may be brought to the notice of the public?

8. Have you any further suggestion to offer on the subject?

Answers.

1. No, Council.

2. Because, Council, they are always given to the wrong people.

3. Yes, Council, because a party capable of such works wouldn't thank stupid judges for twopenny medals.

4. Anybody is better, Council, than a juror, as juries go in these days.

5. Yes, Council, kick them into the street.

6. Yes, Council, to *Mr. Punch* and common sense.

7. Yes, Council, let the best specimens be presented to *Mr. Punch*.

8. Yes, Council, that you abstain from meddling in the matter.

If the above replies, given with *Mr. Punch's* usual ready affability, prove of the least use to the Council, he is satisfied. He has certainly embodied the popular opinion upon the subject. To judge by the incessant and angry protests against everything that has been done, it would seem that the public have a fine classical sense of the derivation of the word Jury, and regard it as meaning a Party to be Sworn at.

IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO AMEND.

DURING the last sitting of Parliament occurred the following *pluie de perles* in the way of amendments:—

"On the order of the day for considering the Lords' amendments to Commons' amendments to Lords' amendments in the Juries Bill,

"MR. CRAWFORD moved that the House do disagree with that amendment, &c."

With the above *embarras de richesses*, it must have been rather puzzling to know what was the first clause that was originally amended. The Bill that required the help of so many "amendments" to knock it into something like acceptable shape, must have presented, when finished, a rare piece of legislative cobbling. When POPE exclaimed, "The Lord mend me!" an old woman is reported to have said, "Mend you! It would take much less time to make a new man altogether;" and so we should have been inclined to say of the above measure. Surely, it would have been a quicker operation, instead of patching and tinkering up the old Bill, to have drawn out a fresh one at once? However, if our Houses of Parliament are not better institutions than they are, one cannot say that it is from the want of sufficient "amendments."

NEW AMERICAN DISCOVERY.

MR. SEWARD says in his long letter (to which LORD JOHN answered "Humph"),

"After all, the Insurgents are Men."

This is a discovery which the Federal minister deserves great credit for making. Its accuracy was confirmed a little later by observations taken by GENERAL M'CLELLAN in the course of a week's rather rapid journey across a certain peninsula. Perhaps continued study on the subject may induce MR. SEWARD to believe that the insurgents are not only Men but Brothers, and then a fratricidal war may come to a termination. What a thing it is to be able to think!

"They are Coming, and they are Three."

"THERE are three Men in Europe," said NAP to CAVOUR,

As they smoked their cigars after lunch:

The Count has left Europe—the *mot* may endure,

For NAPOLEON asserts that he meant—the deep cure—Himself, VISCOUNT JAUNTY, and PUNCH.

ROMAN PASTORAL POETRY.



IGH ecclesiastics, some of them, are not improperly called old women, but there is strong reason for regarding the ARCHBISHOP OF NIMES as a young lady. That prelate has addressed to his flock, which should consist of geese, a pastoral couched in the usual flowery language of Ultramontane humbug; a pastoral which no pastor, one would think, could have composed but a CORYDON. It contains the following description of the POPE's personal attractions:—

"That limpid loving look, that enchanting smile which beams eternally, whilst from his lips fall distilled honey, words which sower the perfume of his heart."

This cannot be the language of a man writing about another man. It can only be that of an enthusiastic girl describing another girl. The POPE is a very charming person by that account. What else could you expect from such a pretty POPE than distilled honey and odoriferous language?—though to heretical noses the perfume of his heart would, if perceptible, be not very agreeable: for heretics hold the only heart that smells nice to be a calf's heart stuffed. Well; why, perhaps one would be inclined to suppose that so beautiful a Pontiff would, as the ARCHBISHOP OF NIMES informs us that PIUS does, rather frequently give vent to "tears, sighs, burning expressions of tenderness." Such a gushing POPE as this never before existed, unless we are to believe in the pontificate of POPE JOAN. A POPE with a "limpid loving look," and an "enchanting smile," lips which shed "distilled honey," and feelings that find expression in "tears, sighs, burning expressions of tenderness," is surely a POPE affected with hysteria, a POPE under whose nose it is often necessary to burn feathers, a POPE who is obliged to take much *sal volatile*, a POPE well qualified to bear the name of JOAN, or JULIA. Petticoats and white satin shoes are apparel suitable to the sex of a POPE of that description; who might sit in the Chair of Peter for Venus attired by the Graces, inclusive of her GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF NIMES.

The liberal world would rejoice if effect could be given to the aspiration thus expressed by this epicene if not feminine prelate, with a characteristic interjection:—

"Ah! it makes us wish to melt away and become nothing for the honour and grandeur of our beloved Pontiff."

The gratification of this wish would leave the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, unimpeded by seditious churchmen, at liberty to deal with the POPE alone; would be quickly followed by the emancipation of Italy and the pacific settlement of Europe. That desirable consummation would doubtless ensue if the ARCHBISHOP OF NIMES

and all the Papist clergy were to melt, thaw, and resolve themselves into a dew, or evaporate and, as the Yankees say, leave nothing of themselves but a little grease spot.

"ROME OR DEATH!"

IF GARIBALDI fail,
So Chiefs have failed before;
Not always doth the Right prevail;
And what can we say more?
Forsooth that he was rash,
By generous madness led
Against the might of France to dash
His blind heroic head.

The fight has oft been fought,
And yet the battle won;
When all onlookers justly thought
That hopeless risk was run:
The odds of high emprise
Not on the surface show,
Lie somewhat deeper than the wise
Can always see, below.

There are the Priests, whose ban
To shake NAPOLEON's throne
Might happen, should December's Man
Yield Italy her own;
And those imperial bands,
That work his will, are strong,
And prompt to do what France demands,
Her bidding, right or wrong.

Hearts, on the other side,
And souls there are, to fire,
With zeal above vainglorious pride,
With courage to inspire
Nerving each true man's hand
To fight for hearth and home,
To dare the worst for Fatherland,
And set his life on Rome.

This spirit set on blaze
Will burn how far, how hot?
And then how much against it weighs
The force of Frenchmen's shot?
Learn that, ere you decide
The good cause has no chance,
Yet has that issue to be tried
Of Italy with France.

Spread but the sacred flame,
And France will not withhold
From strong Italian hands, the claim
Of hearts resolved and bold,
Enkindled, one and all,
With Freedom's fiery breath,
Incensed by GARIBALDI's call,
His cry of "Rome or Death!"

SATISFIED SPECTATORS.

THEY have got it at last. They, the gaping numakulls, who, for more than twelvemonths, have been thronging to stare at performances of which the special attraction was the risk of the performer's life, have got what they went if not to see, at least to enjoy the chance of seeing. That catastrophe is thus described by an eye-witness:—

"Last night an event took place at Highbury Barn Gardens, which not only produced the greatest consternation among the visitors, but has resulted in the most serious if not fatal consequences to Miss SELINA YOUNG, or, as she is styled, the "Female Blondin," the celebrated rope-walker, who created such a sensation at Cremorne Gardens last season by crossing the Thames on a tight-rope."

Attired in a "suit of armour," having wheeled a barrow in the midst of blue lights and fire-works, on a rope at the height of 100 feet, Miss YOUNG consummated the amusement which she had been affording her spectators, as follows:—

"A third time she crossed the rope, covered with a sack, and then commenced her final tour to the starting point, in the midst of fireworks discharged from each end of the balancing pole she carried in her hand. She had arrived within about twenty feet of the western stage, when the catharine wheels at each end of the pole had reached their greatest velocity, at which moment reports were heard, and stars of various hues were emitted. At this instant it was plainly observable that there was a fearful oscillation of the pole, as well as of the unfortunate performer. A general cry was raised that she was falling. The pole fell from her grasp, and the performer toppled over. For a moment she appeared to cling to the rope, either by the legs or hands; but, whether from fright or otherwise, in another second she was seen descending head foremost into the midst of the lofty trees beneath her."

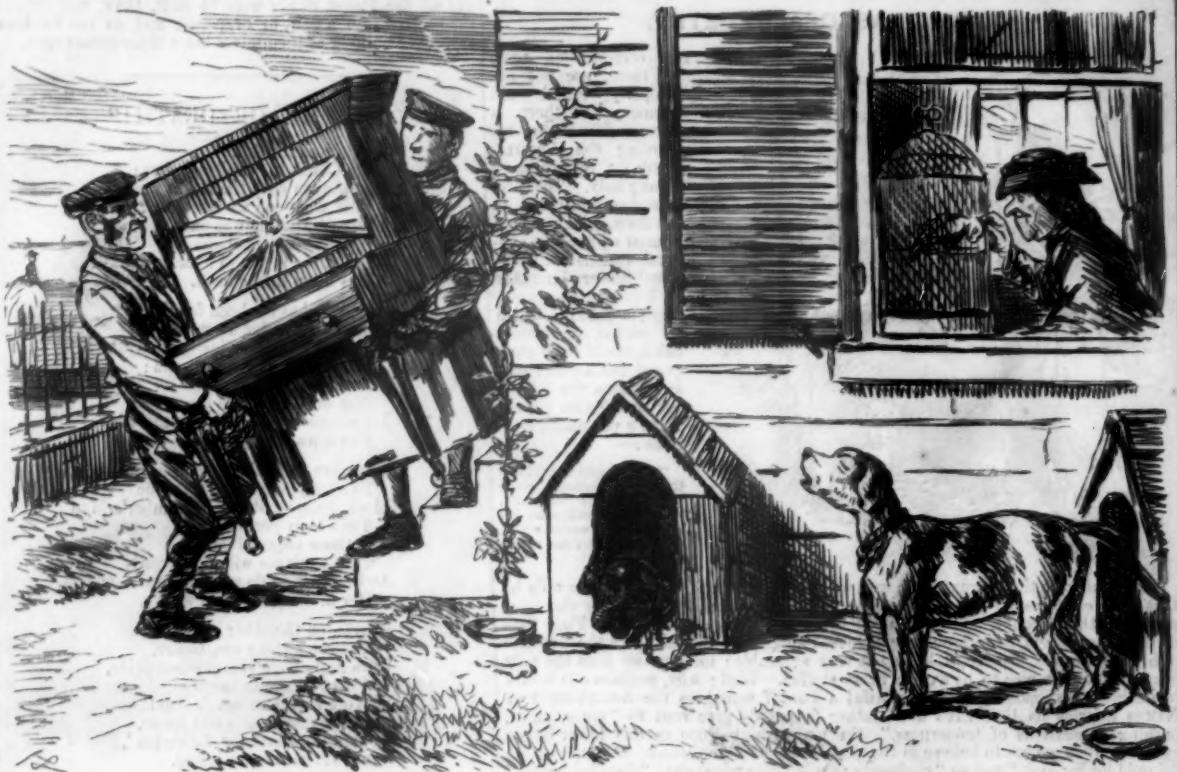
The speculators for the fall realised their expectations! We further read that:—

"The scene of horror and consternation, coupled with the screams of the females present at this moment may be well imagined, and hundreds rushed to the spot where the poor creature lay at the foot of a tree completely doubled up and apparently lifeless."

The rest is—Surgery!

LÉOTARD, who was also engaged in astonishing weak minds at the Highbury Barn Garden by hazzarding his neck, nearly broke it in his trepidation, by trying to jump, after he had been "indiscreetly informed" of what had happened to the "Female Blondin." Another "trapeze" accident had befallen an unlucky mountebank the week before. The accident at Highbury Barn would have been prevented if any warning could have operated to its prevention. But there is only one warning which could produce that effect; that is to say if it could possibly happen. Sensation rope-walking could only be stopped by a martyrdom—the most awful of examples. The spectacle of a dance on the tight-rope at the elevation of a cathedral spire, terminating in the precipitation of the funambulist to the ground, would have to be exhibited by a Bishop!

THE Postage-stamps sent to pay M'CLELLAN's army, have received the name of "Stampedes."



A SEA-SIDE SUBJECT.—JOLLY FOR THE PARTY IN SEARCH OF REPOSE.

N.B. The Old Lady with the Parrot encourages Organ-Grinders, and, when the Moon shines bright and clear, doesn't the Black Dog come out!

A SHAKER OF THE INFALLIBLE CHURCH.

BEFORE the popular mind had abandoned itself to negro melodies, there was a comic song of the "Billy Barlow," or "Raggedy oh!" species which stood in high favour under the title of "Shivery Shaker." A letter lately in the *Bristol Times* contained a statement suggestive of the idea that a modification of the canticle of that name might be sung with the most happy effect by an eminent divine, a convert to popery, who has recently declared that "Protestantism is the dearest of all religions; the thought of the Anglican service makes him shiver, and the thought of the Thirty-Nine Articles makes him shudder." Our Bristol contemporary's correspondent thus writes:—

"It may be profitable to review the history of the person who has given vent to his animosity against our Church, in terms not unworthy of the most furious of the *Liberation* spouters. NEWMAN, it is well known, was originally a Dissenter. Not being satisfied with his position as a Nonconformist, he became ambitious to occupy higher ground. Having taken his degree at Oxford, he was ordained; and he began his career as 'an evangelical.' The principles of the opposite party, in all probability, made him 'shiver and shudder.' In a few years, however, we find him hoisting his high-church flag as a Tractarian. While thus engaged, he was seized with a fit of *trepidation* at the doctrines of 'the evangelicals;' for he abused them in good set terms. He professed also to hold in abhorrence the errors of Romanism, and compared the Pope's church to a demoniac, possessed and governed by the Prince of Darkness. Shivering and shuddering, he warned us to avoid her as a pestilential synagogues, which had established a lie in the place of God's truth. He pronounced her to be crafty, obstinate, wilful, malicious, cruel, and unnatural, as madmen are. He declared that in the corrupt Papal system we have the very cruelty, the craft, and the ambition of the old Republic. One might suppose that as a matter of course he would have shuddered at its crimes."

The autobiography of the reverend D. D., sung in his ecclesiastical costume, with the burden, introduced at due intervals, of "Shivery Shuddery," would be highly amusing, and could possibly do no harm by perverting any simpleton, however weak, who is acquainted with the subjoined statement of the writer above quoted respecting that shaky captive of the papal Fisherman, and theologically loose fish:—

"ARCHBISHOP WHATELY, who was his contemporary at Oxford, assures us that 'by the confession of his friends in *The English Churchman* (Oct. 16, 1845), MR. NEWMAN had been for four years at least, a member of the Roman communion, before he openly avowed his conversion; during which four years he suffered himself to be looked up and appealed to, as the head of a party who styled themselves

the only true sons of the Church of England!' His various pranks at Oxford are recorded at full length by the Archbishop in his *Cautions for the Times*, xiii. Did the Reverend Doctor ever shiver or shudder at his own duplicity and hypocrisy during the period here referred to, and while he was comfortably pocketing the revenues of the English Church? If he did not, then I shall be loath to believe that the Thirty-nine Articles can possibly give a man of his brazen constitution a fit of the ague. Of one thing we may be quite sure; his capacity for straining at a gnat, and swallowing whole camels, is unrivalled."

A polemic who is known to shiver and shudder so violently without cause, and not to tremble at all when he should, is unlikely to shake the faith of the most foolish fellow who is not also crazy. The most absurd of Ranters or Jumping Methodists may henceforth expect to catch as many flats as are likely to be hooked by our great Romanist Shaker.

SPIRIT OF BLACK DIAMONDS.

A BOTTLE of brandy and a bottle of smoke are generally considered to be very different things; yet it appears that they contain certain elements in common. A young French chemist, named COTELLE, of St. Quentin, has discovered a method of extracting alcohol from coal gas; which, an Irish contemporary will perhaps observe, is an odd way of getting spirits of wine. COTELLE says that he can sell the spirit thus produced thrice as cheap as the cheapest at present made, at which rate gin, that vulgar liquor, will become still more low. The extreme cheapness of coal-spirit will render it a profitable export for consumption by the Red Indians, who will, with especial propriety, denominate the intoxicating fluid derived from coals fire-water.

Bringing 'em Up with a Round Turn.

A DEPUTATION from Plymouth recently waited upon LORD PALMERSTON to represent to him that navigators to and from that port required an increase of basin accommodation. PAM replied that he held many offices, but that he was not yet a steward of a steampacket. The deputation retired, and are at present engaged, with their coats off that they may think the harder, trying to find out what His Jauntiness meant.